

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

BY

T. KING.



"RATHER, LIKE INDIAN BEGGARS, BEAT MY PRECIOUS SELF."

NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

NEW YORK: SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 122, NASSAU STREET—SOLE AGENTS.

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HOW TO MAKE UP THE FIGURE.

LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

HOW TO MAKE UP THE FACE.

HOW TO OBTAIN AN ENGAGE-
MENT.

HOW TO TREAD THE STAGE.

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“It the purpose of the following pages to remove, where possible, and in all cases to lessen, just such difficulties, by furnishing a ready reference to information which shall smooth the way for the more resolute, and, at the same time, encourage the desponding to persevere.”

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LOVERS' QUARRELS; OR, LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.

AN INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT.

ALTERED FROM "THE MISTAKE" OF SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, BY T. KING.



San.—"RATHER, LIKE INDIAN BEGGARS, BEAT MY PRECIOUS SELF."—Act i, scene 3.

Persons Represented.

DON CARLOS.
SANCHO.
LOPEZ.

JEONORA.
JACINIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHO.

Don C. I tell thee I am not satisfied; I am in love enough to be suspicious of everybody.

San. And yet, methinks, sir, you should leave me out.

Don C. It may be so; I can't tell. But I'm not

at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least, they make a fool of you.

San. I don't believe a word on't. But, good faith! master, your love makes somewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis; but, methinks, when you suspect me, you don't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face; 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it; men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men. For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be

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mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous of your poor mistress without a cause; she uses you but too well in my humble opinion; she sees you, and talks with you till, indeed, I am quite tired of it, sometimes. And your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once a fortnight.

Don C. Alas! thou art ignorant in these affairs. Women often appear warm to one to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover; and the indifference he shows upon the favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me on a perpetual rack. No; I would fain see some of his jealous transports; have him fire at the sight of me; contradict me whenever I speak; affront me wherever he meets me; challenge me; fight me—

San. Run you through the bo'y.

Don C. But he's too calm, his heart's too much at ease to leave mine at rest.

San. But, sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get at ease. When our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we not care a fig for them. Now suppose, upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter?

Don C. Again thy ignorance appears. Alas! a lover who has broken his chain will shun the tyrant that enslaved him. Indifference never is his lot; he loves or hates for ever. And if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms.

San. For my part, master, I am not so great a philosopher as you may be, nor—thank my stars!—so bitter a lover; but what I see, that I generally believe; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth on't. See, here the baggage comes.

Enter JACINTA, with a letter.

Hist! Jacinta, my dear!

Jac. Who's that? Blunderbuss! Where's your master?

San. Hard by.

Jac. Oh! sir, I am glad I have found you at last. I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor—

San. Nor anywhere else, where he was not to be found; if you had looked for him where he was, 'twere ten to one but you had met with him.

Jac. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Don C. But, pr'ythee, what's the matter—who sent you after me?

Jac. One who is never well but when she sees you, I think—'twas my lady.

Don C. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able. The blessing's too great to be my lot; yet, 'tis not well to trifle with me. How short soever I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity. I should not be deluded.

Jac. And why do you think you are? Me.

thinks, she's pretty well above board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jac. How! Lorenzo?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jac. Why, you are not mad, sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray, which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before. Is this your doings, log?

(To Sancho.)

San. No, forsooth, pert! I am not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward; if I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own person, housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jac. Oh, oh! you men are mighty simple in love matters, sir! When you suspect a woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing, to bring her on again; attack her with reason and a sour face! Ega! sir, attack her with a fiddle; double your good humour; give her a ball; let her cheat you at cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for it, is to set a complaisant rival in too favourable a light.

Don C. Say no more. I have been to blame, but there shall be no more of it.

Jac. I should punish you justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought to you. But I'm good-natured, so here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you timed your jealousy.

Don C. *(Reads.)* "If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome. 'Tis to tell you you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you. —LEONORA" Then I shall be what man never was yet. *(Kissing the letter.)* Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news; I could adore thee as a deity.

(Embracing Jacinta.)

Jac. True flesh and blood, for all that.

Don C. *(Reads again.)* "And if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience can make you." Oh! happy, happy Carlos! But what shall I say to you for this welcome message? Alas! I want words; but let this speak for me, and this, and this, and—

(Giving her his ring, watch, and purse.)

San. Hold, sir! pray, leave a little something for our board-wages. You can't carry them all, I believe. *(To Jacinta.)* Shall I ease you of this?

(Offering to take the purse.)

Jac. No; but you may carry that, sir.

(Giving him a box of the ear.)

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.

Don C. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress that I am not able to say myself; but, above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jac. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Don C. If that will do, 'tis sealed for ever.

Jac. Enough. But I must begone. Success attend you with the old gentleman! Good b'ye, sir!

[Exit.]

Don C. Eternal blessings follow thee!

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the jade has got her apron full.

Don C. Is not that Lorenzo's man coming this way?

San. Yes, 'tis he; his man and confidant, Lopez. Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all?

Don C. Some questions I must ask him. Call him hither.

San. Hem—Lopez—hem!

Enter LOPEZ.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay.

(Going.)

San. You can't, indeed, sir.

(Lays hold of him, and places him between Don C. and himself.)

Don C. Whither in such haste, honest Lopez? What! upon some love errand?

Lop. Sir, your servant; I ask your pardon, but I was going—

Don C. I guess where; but you need not be so shy of me any more; thy master and I are no longer rivals. I have yielded up the cause; the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, sir? Shall I live, then, to see my master and you friends again?

San. Yes; and what's better, thou and I shall be friends, too. There will be no more fear of Christian bled; I give thee up Jacinta; she's a slippery housewife. So, master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, sir, your honour should be in earnest? I am afraid you are pleased to be merry with your poor humble servant.

Don C. I'm not at present much disposed to mirth; but my reason has so far mastered my passion to show me 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart is already another's. I have roused

my resolution to my aid, and broken my chains for ever.

Lop. Well, sir, to be plain with you, this is the most joyful news I have heard a long time; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman; and, good faith! it often went to the heart of me to see you so abused. "Dear, dear!" have I often said to myself, when they have had a private meeting just after you was gone—

Don C. Ha!

San. Hold, master, don't kill him yet.

(Apart to Don C.)

Lop. I say, I have said to myself, "What wicked things are women! and what a pity it is they are suffered in a Christian country! what a shame they should be allowed to play Will-o'-the-Wisp with men of honour, and lead them through thorns, and briars, and rocks, and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces, like an old coat in a fox-chase!" I say, I have said to myself—

Don C. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of?

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways—sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given, was—

Don C. In hell!

Lop. Sir!

Don C. Speak, fury! What dost thou mean by the kiss of kisses?

Lop. The kiss of peace, sir; the kiss of union; the kiss of consummation.

Don C. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I don't know but I may, sir.

Don C. There is not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue hath uttered.

Lop. No, sir, I—I believe there is not.

Don C. Why, then, didst thou say it?

Lop. Oh, only in jest, sir!

Don C. I am not in a jesting condition.

Lop. Nor I, at present, sir.

Don C. Speak, then, the truth, as thou wouldst do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows; and be turned off as soon as I've done.

Don C. What that's you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Don C. I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know. (Aside.) Forgive me, Lopez; I am to blame to speak thus harshly to you; let this obtain my pardon. (Giving him money.) Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Don C. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak, then; have I anything to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier bachelor than my master may, probably, be a married man.

Don C. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, sir; and I believe he'll say so, too, in a twelvemonth.

Don C. Oh, torment! But give me more of it. How—when—to whom—where?

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson, in the pantry.

Don C. Look to it, if this be false; thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Well, sir, what hast thou to say for yourself now?

Lop. Why, sir, I have only to say that I am a very unfortunate middle-aged man; and that I believe all the stars upon heaven and earth have been concerned in my destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my downfall in mournful lines, and notes of doleful tune; I am at present troubled in mind; despair all around me, signified in appearing gibbets, with a great bundle of dog-whips by way of preparation.

"I, therefore, will go seek some mountain high,
If high enough some mountain may be found,
With distant valley, dreadfully profound,
And from the horrid cliff—look calmly round."

[Exit.

San. Base news, master.

Don C. Now my insulting rival's smile speaks out. Oh, cursed, cursed woman!

Enter JACINTA.

Jac. I am come in haste to tell you, sir, that as soon as the moon's up, my lady will give you a meeting in the close-walk by the back-door of the garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Don C. Past sufferance! this aggravation is not to be borne! Go, thank her with my curses; fly, and let them blast her while their venom's strong.

[Exit.

Jac. Won't you explain? What's this for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me questions, smooth-faced iniquity, crocodile of the Nile, siren of the rocks? Go, carry back the too-gentle answer thou hast received; only let me add with the poet:

"We are no fools, trollop, my master nor me,
And thy mistress may go to the devil with thee."

[Exit.

Jac. Am I awake? I fancy not; a very idle dream this. Well, I'll go and talk in my sleep to my lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA.

Jac. Madam, you are too violent.

Leo. A slighted woman knows no bounds. Vengeance is all the cordial she can have so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful wretch! to use me with such insolence!

Jac. You see I am as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be. Never was letter received by man with more passion and transport; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a moment after, I came with a message worth a dozen of it, never was witch so handled. Something must have passed between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my inquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse this usage of me; he had a letter under my hand which owned him master of my heart, and till I contradicted it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth of it.

Jac. Nay, I confess, madam, I haven't a word to say for him. I am afraid he's but a rogue at bottom, as well as my shameless that attends him. We are bit, by my troth! and haply, well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals; but be comforted, madam, they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other before they die; that will set our account even with them.

Leo. Well; let him laugh, let him glory in what he has done, he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jac. And let one thing be your comfort by the way, madam—that, in spite of all your dear affection for him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end, for there are times when the stoutest of us are in danger, the rascals wheedle so.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired at this treatment; and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he should crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet—nay, plunge a dagger in his heart, to bleed for pardon, I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me towards him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment; and if thou seest (which heaven avert!) a glance of weakness in me, call to my memory the vile wrongs I have borne, and rouse me to revenge them.

[Exit.

Jac. Madam, never doubt me. I am charged to the mouth with fury; and if ever I meet that false rogue, that tatterdemalion of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears—Now heaven prevent all hasty vows; but when next I see him, let him swear or pray; let him bounce or swell; may I be carried a virgin to my grave if I don't try all I can—to make it up with him.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHE.

Don C. Repulsed again! This is not to be borne. What, though this villain's story be a falsehood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This usage cannot be supported. How was it she treated you?

San. Never was ambassador worse received. "Madam, my master begs ten thousand pardons, and humbly begs one moment's interview." "Begone, you rascal, you!" "Madam, what answer shall I give my master?" "Tell him he's a villain!" "Indeed, fair lady, I think this is hasty treatment." "Here, my footman, toss me this fellow out at the window!" and away she went to her devotions.

Don C. Did you see Jacinta?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score rogues and rascals, too. I think our destinies are much alike, sir; and, on my conscience, a couple of scurvy jades are we hampered with.

Don C. Ungrateful woman! to receive with such contempt so quick a return of heart so justly alarmed! As just as my suspicions were, have I long suffered them to arraign her?

San. No.

Don C. Have I waited for oaths or imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Don C. Nay, even now, is not the whole world still in suspense about her, whilst I alone conclude her innocent?

San. 'Tis very true.

Don C. She might, methinks, through this profound respect, observe a flame another would have cherished. She might support me against groundless fears, and save me from a rival's tyranny; she might release me from these cruel racks; and would, no doubt, if she could love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Don C. But since she don't, what do I do whining here? Curse on the base humilities of love!

San. Right.

Don C. Let children kiss the rod that flays them: let dogs lie down and lick the shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Don C. I am a man, by nature meant for power; the sceptre's given us to wield, and we betray our trust whenever we meanly lay it at a woman's feet.

San. True, we are men, boo! Come, master, let us both be in a passion; here's my sceptre. (*Showing a cudgel.*) Subject Jacinta, look about you. Sir, were you ever in Muscovy? The women there love the men dearly. Why? Because (*shaking his stick*) there's your love powder for you. Ah! sir, were we but wise and stout, what work should we make with them! But this humble love-making spoils them all. A rare way, indeed, to bring matters about with them! We are persuading them all day they are angels and goddesses, in order to use them at night like human creatures. We are likely to succeed, truly!

Don C. For my part, I never yet could bear a slight from anything, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman; and that is to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne.

[Exit

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, sir. I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself on her throne. Yes; I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order; for I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors; where I found that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now, as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman; whence it is that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lantern; and so, as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body; so, I say, a woman, is, by comparison, do you see—for nothing explains things like comparisons?—I say, by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea; for, as the sea, when the wind rises, knits its brows like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is shipwrecked upon her passion, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain immotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricane—um—like—in short, a woman is the devil.

[Exit.

Enter LEONORA and JACINTA

Jac. Oh, my dear madam! how I rejoice to find you support this noble spirit of resentment!

Leo. Be assured, Jacinta, it can end but with life. What, after all my tender frankness, nothing could have happened to excuse his usage of me! He had a letter under my hand, which owned him master of my heart, and till I should contradict it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth of it.

Jac. Oh, madam! I haven't a word to say for him, and my sweet swain is just as bad. As I live, madam, yonder they come! But if Don Carlos should beg your pardon, you'll grant it?

Leo. If I do—

Jac. That's brave!

(They retire.)

Enter DON CARLOS and SANCHEO.

San. Yonder they are, sir, lying in wait; but let us show ourselves men, and leave their briny tears to wash their dirty faces.

Don C. You look, madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities. I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you my business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with heaven and hell for seconds—for may the joys of one fly from me, if all your charms displayed ever shake my resolution—I'll never see you more.

San. Bon!

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, sir, I know you'll keep your word; I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for it.

Jac. Very well!

Don C. You did, imperious dame, you did? How base is woman's pride! how wretched are the ingredients it is formed of! If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? why lead a slave in chains that could not grace your triumphs? If I am thus to be condemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued!

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with. The favours I have done to you I am, indeed, ashamed of; but since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Don C. 'Tis well; extremely well, madam; I'm happy, however, you at last speak frankly; I thank you for it, from my soul, I thank you; but don't expect me grovelling at your feet again, don't; for if I do—

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve—trod upon.

Don C. Give me patience—but I don't want it; I am calm. Madam, farewell; be happy if you can; by heavens, I wish you so; but never spread your net for me again; for if you do—

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Don C. Rather run headlong into fire and flames; rather be torn with pincers bit by bit; rather be broiled, like martyrs, upon gridirons—But I am wrong; this sounds like passion, and heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no farther business together; your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell, t'ye, sir.

Don C. (To Sancho.) Come along. (Going, returns.) Yet once more before I go, lest you should doubt my resolution, may I starve, perish, rot, be dead, d—d, or any other thing that men or gods can think on, if on any occasion whatever, civil or military, pleasure or business, love or hate, or any other accident of life, I from this moment change one word or look with you.

[Exit.

Leo. Content; come away, Jacinta.

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Don C. Yet one word, madam, if you please; I have a foolish bauble I once was fond of.

(Shaking her picture from his breast.) Will you accept a trifle from your servant?

Leo. Willingly, sir; I have a bauble, too, I think, you may have some claim to; you'll wear it for my sake.

(Breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it to him.)

Don C. Most thankfully. This, too, I should restore you; it was once yours. (Giving her a table-book.) By your favour, madam, there is a line or two in it I think you once did me the honour to write with your own fair hand. Here it is.

(Reads.)

"You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret movements of my heart;
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part."

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful lines, too; I think I can produce them.

(Pulls out a table-book, and reads.)

"How long soe'er to sigh in vain,
My destiny may prove,
My fate, in spite of your disdain,
Will let me glory in your chain,
Eternally to love."

There, sir, take your poetry again. (Throwing it at his feet.) 'Tis not much worse for my wearing; 'twill serve you again upon a fresh occasion.

Jac. Well done!

Don C. I believe I can return the present, madam, with a pocketful of your prose. There.

(Throwing a handful of letters at her feet.)

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters. There, sir, not to be behindhand with you.

(Takes a handful of his letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.)

Jac. And there, and there, sir.

(Throwing the rest of the letters at him.)

San. Ods my life! we want ammunition; but for a shift—there, and there, you saucy slut,

you! (Pulls a dirty pack of cards out of his pocket, and throws them at Jacinta; they then close; he pulls off her head-clothes, and she his wig, and then part; she running to her mistress, and he to his master.) How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the battle! What think you, sir, of showing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat?

Don C. I scorn it. Oh, Leonora, Leonora, a heart like mine should not be treated thus!

Leo. Carlos, Carlos, I have not deserved this usage!

Don C. Barbarous Leonora—But 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go, then, tyrant, make your bliss complete; torment me still; for, still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah, Carlos, little do you know the tender movement of that thing you name; the heart where love presides admits no thought against the honour of its ruler.

Don C. 'Tis not to call that honour into doubt, if, conscious of our own unworthiness, we interpret every frown to our destruction.

Leo. When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shows itself with more respect than yours has done.

Don C. And where a heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our debate. If both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it. Our separation will do justice on us.

Don C. But since we are ourselves the judges of our actions, what if we inflict a gentler punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Don C. And if it should—

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh occasion for the leasing exercise of mercy.

Don C. Right; and so we act the part of earth and heaven together, of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Don C. Then, thus let us fall upon it, thus let us fall upon it for ever!

(Carries off Leonora, embracing her.)

Jac. Ah, woman; foolish, foolish woman!

San. Very foolish, indeed.

Jac. But don't expect I'll follow her example.

San. You would, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jac. I'd sooner tear my eyes out! Ah! that she had a little of my spirit in her!

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her flesh, my charmer; but 'twon't do; I am all rock, very marble.

Jac. A very pumice-stone, you rascal, you, if one would try you; but to prevent any humili- ties, and show you all submission would be vain; to convince you that you have nothing but misery and despair before you, here, take back thy paltry thimble, and be in my debt for the shirts I made you with it.

San. Nay, if you are at that sport, mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the balance of thy presents. There, take thy tobacco-stopper, and—

Jac. Here, take thy satin pincushion, with thy

curious half-hundred of pins in it, that you made such a vapouring about yesterday; tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy ivory-hafted knife again; whet it well; 'tis so blunt, 'twill cut nothing but love.

Jac. And there's thy pretty pocket scissors thou hast honoured me with; they'll cut off a leg or an arm, heaven bless 'em!

San. Here's the enchanted handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious blood, when the violence of your love, at dinner, 'tother day, made you cut your fingers. There.

(Blows his nose in it, and gives it to her.)

Jac. The rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry garters from him. Do you see these, you pitiful, beggarly scoundrel, you! There, take 'em; there.

(Takes her garters off, and flaps them about his face.)

San. I have but one thing more of thine. (Showing his cudgel.) I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that you may have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again, with the rest of them.

(Lifts it up to strike her; she leaps about his neck.)

Jac. Ah, cruel Sancho! Now, beat me, Sancho, do!

San. Rather, like Indian beggars, beat my precious self.

(Throws away his stick, and embraces her.)

Rather let infants' blood about the street,
Rather let all the wine about the cellar,
Rather let—Oh! Jacinta, thou hast o'ercome.
How foolish are the great resolves of man!
Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor
can;
When those bright eyes in kindness please to
shine,
Their goodness I must needs return with
mine:
Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms!
Jac. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's
charms.

Re-enter DON CARLOS and LEONORA.

Don C. Well, I see you have followed our example, Sancho.

San. Yes, sir; like master, like man.

Don C. From this good day, then, let all discord cease:

Let those to come be harmony and peace.

Henceforth let all our diff'rent interests join,

Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,
To make each other's days as blest as she will
mine.

[Exeunt.]

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